

James Monroe, Fifth President.

JAMES MONROE was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, April 2d, 1759. His life began in exciting and patriotic times, the stamp-act having been passed by the British Parliament when he was but six years old; and in the eighteenth year of his age, his breast swelling with chivalric pride and love of country,

he left the College of William and Mary and hastened to join the standard of his country. He arrived at General Washington's head-quarters, in New York, shortly after the declaration of independence.

During the whole of the disastrous, but ever memorable year of 1776, the young volunteer shared the defeats and privations

of the army ; was engaged in the battles of Harlem Heights, White Plains, and Trenton, in the latter of which he received a wound while leading the vanguard. He was promoted for his gallantry to the rank of a captain of infantry, and after recovering from his wound, returned to active service, and distinguished himself in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth.

In 1782, he was elected to the Virginia Legislature, and chosen shortly after a member of the Executive Council. In the following year, he was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress, and arrived at Annapolis just in time to be present when General Washington surrendered his appointment as commander-in-chief. Mr. Monroe remained in Congress till 1786.

During the period of his congressional term at New York, Mr. Monroe married Miss Kortright, a young lady celebrated for her beauty and accomplishments. In 1786, his congressional term having expired, he retired to Fredericksburg, Virginia, where he commenced the practice of the law. In 1790, he was appointed to the United States Senate. Here he remained until 1794, when he was appointed Minister to France, where he remained two years.

He was, in 1799, chosen Governor of Virginia, which office he held for three years. In 1803, he was again appointed Minister to France, to assist in negotiating for the purchase of Louisiana. In a fortnight the treaty was concluded, and Mr. Monroe was sent as Minister to London. From London he was soon called to Madrid to adjust with Spain the boundary of Louisiana, in which he was arrested, by

being recalled to London to maintain our rights against the encroachments of Great Britain. Here he remained until 1807, when he returned to the United States, and was again elected Governor of Virginia, but resigned to accept the nomination of Secretary of State, under Mr. Madison, which office he filled during the remainder of that administration. He was also appointed Secretary of the Treasury without resigning his position in the department.

While Secretary of the Treasury, it became necessary to raise a certain sum of money for the defense of New Orleans, but the credit of the government being then at a low ebb, he pledged his own private credit for the amount, and the necessary sum was thus raised.

In 1816, Mr. Monroe was nominated to the Presidency by the Democratic party, and elected: In 1820, he was re-elected, receiving EVERY VOTE of the electoral colleges except one. At the close of his second term, he retired to his country-seat in Loudon county, Virginia: In 1830, he removed to New York to reside with his son-in-law, Mr. Samuel L. Gouverneur. Here, surrounded by his affectionate family, he remained until his death, which occurred on the 4th of July, 1831, in the seventy-second year of his age.

A Few Good Proverbs.

If wise men play the fool, they do it with a vengeance.

It is a bad action that success will not justify.

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes

The Indian King.

AMONG the early settlers of these United States, were some pious people, called Huguenots, who fled from the persecutions in France, under Louis the Fourteenth. It has been said, that wherever the elements of their character, mingled with this New World, the infusion was salutary.

Industry, patience, sweet social affections, and piety, firm, but not austere, were the distinctive features of this interesting race. A considerable number of them chose their abode in a part of the State of Massachusetts, about the year 1668, and commenced the labors inseparably from the formation of a new colony.

In their vicinity, was a powerful tribe of Indians, whom they strove to conciliate. They extended to them the simple rites of hospitality, and their kind and gentle manners wrought happily upon the proud, yet susceptible nature of the aborigines.

But their settlement had not long assumed the marks of regularity and beauty, ere they observed in their savage neighbors, a reserved deportment. This increased, until the son of the forest, utterly avoided the dwellings of the new comers, where he had been pleased to accept a shelter for the night, or a covert for the storm.

Occasionally, some lingering one might be seen near the cultivated grounds, regarding the more skillful agriculture of the white inhabitants with a dejected and lowering brow. It was rumored that these symptoms of disaffection arose from the influence of an aged chief, whom they considered a prophet, who denounced the "pale intruders;" and they grieved that

they should not have been more successful in conciliating their red brethren.

Three years had elapsed since the establishment of their colony. Autumn was now advancing toward its close, and copse and forest exhibited those varied and opposing hues, which clothe in beauty and brilliance the foliage of New England. The harvest was gathered in, and every family made preparation for the approach of winter.

Here and there, groups of children might be seen, bearing homeward baskets of nuts, which they had gathered in the thicket, or forest. It was pleasant to hear their joyous voices, and see their ruddy faces, like bright flowers, amid wilds so lately tenanted by the prowling wolf, the fierce panther, and the sable bear.

In one of these nut-gatherings, a little boy and girl, of eight and four years old, the only children of a settler, whose wife had died on the voyage hither, accidentally separated from their companions. They had discovered, on their way home, profuse clusters of the purple frost-grape, and entering a rocky recess to gain the new treasure, did not perceive that the last rays of the setting sun were fading away.

Suddenly, they were seized by two Indians. The boy struggled violently, and his little sister cried to him for protection, but in vain. The long strides of their captors soon bore them far beyond the bounds of the settlement. Night was far advanced ere they halted. Then they kindled a fire, and offered the children some food.

The heart of the boy swelled high with

grief and anger, and he refused to partake. But the poor little girl took some parched corn from the hand of the Indian, who held her on his knee. He smiled as he saw her eat the kernels, and look up in his face with a wondering, yet reproachless eye. Then they lay down to sleep in the dark forest, each with an arm over his captive.

Great was the alarm in the colony, when those children returned not. Every spot was searched, where it was thought possible they might have lost their way. But when, at length, their little baskets were found, over-turned in a tangled thicket, one terrible conclusion burst upon every mind, that they must have been captured by Indians.

It was decided that, ere any warlike measures were adopted, the father should go peacefully to the Indian king, and demand his children. At the earliest dawn of morning, he departed with his companions. They met a friendly Indian, pursuing the chase, who had occasionally shared their hospitality and consented to be their guide.

They traveled through rude paths, until the day drew near a close. Then, approaching a circle of native dwellings, in the midst of which was a tent, they saw a man of lofty form, with a coronet of feathers upon his brow, and surrounded by warriors: The guide saluted him as his monarch, and the bereaved father, bowing down, addressed him:

"King of the red men, thou seest a father in pursuit of his lost babes: He has heard that your people will not harm the stranger in distress. So he trusts himself fearlessly among you: The king of our own native land, who should have protected us, became our foe. We fled

from our dear homes, from the graves of our fathers.

"The ocean-wave brought us to this New World. We are a peaceful race, pure from the blood of all men. We seek to take the hand of our red brethren. Of my own kindred, none inhabit this wilderness save two little buds from a broken, buried stem.

"Last night, sorrow entered into my soul because I found them not. Knowest thou, O King, if thy people have taken my babes? Knowest thou where they have concealed them? Cause them, I pray thee, to be restored to my arms. So shall the Great Spirit bless thine own tender plants, and lift up thy heart, when it weigheth heavily in thy bosom."

The Indian monarch, bending on him a piercing glance, said, "Knowest thou me? Look in my eyes! Look! Answer me! Are they those of a stranger?"

The Huguenot replied that he had no recollection of having ever before seen his countenance.

"Thus it is with the white man: He is dim-eyed. He looketh on the garments, more than on the soul. Where your ploughs wound the earth, oft have I stood, watching your toil. There was no coronet on my brow. But I was a king. And you knew it not.

"I looked upon your people. I saw neither pride, nor violence. I went an enemy, but returned a friend. I said to my warriors, do these men no harm. They do not hate Indians. Then our white-haired Prophet of the Great Spirit rebuked me. He bade me make no league with the pale faces, lest angry words should be spoken of me, among the shades of our buried kings.

"Yet again I went where thy brethren have reared their dwellings. Yes, I entered thy house. *And thou knowest not this brow?* I could tell thine at midnight, if but a single star trembled through the clouds. My ear would know thy voice, though the storm were abroad with all its thunders.

"I have said that I was a king. Yet I came to thee an hungered. And thou gavest me bread. My head was wet with the tempest. Thou badest me to lie down on thy hearth, and thy son for whom thou mournest, covered me.

"I was sad in spirit. And thy little daughter, whom thou seekest with tears, sat on my knee. She smiled when I told her how the beaver buildeth his house in the forest. My heart was comforted, for I saw that she did not hate Indians.

Turn not on me such a terrible eye. I am no stealer of babes. I have reproved the people who took the children. I have sheltered them for thee. Not a hair of their heads is hurt. Thinkest thou that the red man can forget kindness? They are sleeping in my tent. Had I but a single blanket, it should have been their bed. Take them, and return unto thy people."

He waved his hand to an attendant, and in a moment, the two children were in the arms of their father. The white men were hospitably sheltered for that night, and the twilight of the next day, bore upward from the rejoicing colony, a prayer for the heathen of the forest, and that pure praise which mingles with the music around the Throne.— *Boys Book.*

Fearlessly do what you believe to be right.

Thy Mother.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Who, when thine infant life was young
Delighted o'er thy cradle hung?
With pity, soothed each childish moan,
And made thy little griefs, her own?
Who watched thy bed in hours of pain,
Nor smiled, till thou wert well again?
Who sorrowed from thy side to part
And bore thee absent on her heart?
Thy Mother, boy! How canst thou pay
Her tender care, by night and day?

Who joined thy sports with cheerful air,
And joy'd to see thee strong and fair?
Who with fond pride, to guest and friend
Would still the darling child commend?
Whose tears in secret flow'd like rain
If sin, or woe, thy life did stain?
And who, with prayer's increasing sigh
Besought for thee, a home on high?
Thy Mother, boy! How canst thou pay
Her tireless love, by night and day?

Be gentle-temper'd, kind and true,
Whate'er she bids, delight to do;
With earnest diligence, restrain
The word, the look, that gives her pain
If weary toil her path invade
Come zealous forth, and lend thine aid;
Nerve thy young arm, her steps to guide,
If she is sick, be near her side,
And by a life of love repay
Thy Mother's care, by night and day.

Grave her sweet precepts on thy breast,
And be with peace, serenely blest,
Wear on thy brow the lofty smile,
Of upright duty, free from guile,
Fear God, and keep his holy law,
And near his throne devoutly draw,
But dread his anger's piercing view
Shouldest thou withhold the honor due,
Nor with a life of goodness pay
Thy Mother's love by night and day,



Little Tommy and his Dog, and the Bees.

LITTLE TOMMY C. was his mother's youngest boy, and a bright fellow he was. He loved to read, and to talk about what he read in the books, and young as he was, he seemed to understand what it all meant. But like all other little boys, he loved to play, too, as well as to study and learn. This is the way. Boys when they are growing, should play and be happy; but they should not be playing all the time, for if they do, they grow up without learning what is necessary for them to know when they come to be men. Love your play, and love your books; that is the way to do. Tommy loved his mother too, and when she told him to do any thing, he would do it; and when she told him not

to do a thing, he would not disobey her, as naughty boys do.

Tommy had a little dog, which he called Fly-away, because he was always so brisk and playful. He was very beautiful, with white on his nose, black on his shoulders and back, and white again on his legs and feet. One evening after tea, they all went out to take a walk,—Tommy, his father and mother, and Fly-away. They walked along, talking very busily, when they came to a curious looking little house, like that you see in the picture. Tommy had never seen such a one before, and he was very much interested in it, and the large number of pretty flies, as he thought, that were going in and coming out of a curious little box in

the little house. Fly-away, too, ran briskly ahead, and was jumping up, and endeavoring to catch the "flies" in his mouth. But he, poor fellow, soon found out his mistake. The *bees*,—for such the flying insects were,—not liking his intrusion upon their premises, flew at him, and stung him about the head and ears, which hurt him very much, and he was glad to scamper out of the way as fast as he could run.

"Mother," said Tommy, "how do those flies make Fly-away run so. They are so small, I should not think they could hurt him."

"They are not flies," replied his mother. "They are honey bees. They make the nice, white, sweet honey, that we had on our biscuit for supper. And they have stings, and that is what Fly-away don't like."

"How do they make the honey, mother," asked Tommy, who wanted to know all about every thing that interested him.

I don't know as I can tell you so that you can understand it. They collect what is called nectar, a sweetness, from the flowers. This, by a process which I will explain to you when you grow older, they convert into honey, in nearly the same way that a cow converts her food into milk. Then they make wax in somewhat the same manner, with which they construct those beautiful little cells, we call honey-combs, in which they deposit the honey. Bees are very industrious, working all the time during the warm season, that they may lay in a stock of provisions for the winter. They have a king bee, and a queen bee which appear to govern them as kings and queens govern people in the old world. The bees will have no lazy ones about, and if there are drones in the

hives,—those that wont work, they sting them to death. But bees are not very moral in all their habits. Sometimes those from one hive will fall to and rob their neighbors of all their honey if they happen to be the strongest, in the same way that bad large boys take away the playthings of the smaller ones."

"But what is the use of their having stings, mother," asked Tommy.

"It is the only thing they have to defend themselves with. They are so small, that they would all be destroyed before they had time to fill their hives with honey, if they were not provided with these."

"I like the honey, but I should n't like to get it out of the hives very well, when the bees were there," continued Tommy.

By this time they had continued their walk so long, that it had become quite dark. The sun had gone down,—the red clouds had passed away from the western sky, and they turned to retrace their footsteps homeward. Tommy was very much concerned about Fly-away, as he had not seen him, for some time, and he thought the bees had killed him, and he began to feel very bad about it. But when they arrived at home, they found him safely there, before them, having become fully satisfied with his first visit to the bees.

CRYSTALS OF ALUM. Dissolve a pound and a half of alum in a quart of boiling water, and suspend in it a piece of coke: set it aside to cool, and a beautiful crystallization, resembling a mineralogical specimen, will be obtained.

The Tempter.

ELLA GRAY was one of the kindest, sweetest dispositioned, and most modest little creatures you ever saw; and was, therefore, very pretty, and very much beloved, as any little girl may be who will but possess herself of the same precious qualities. And among all of Ella's merits none were more prominent than was that of strict obedience to the desires of her parents; for she loved them, and felt that what they judged to be right could not well be wrong.

She had always lived in the midst of a large city; that is, the little "always" which made up the "all" of her short life; for, at the time I write of, she was only about six years old, though it seemed like an age, almost, to her young imagination. She was an only child, and was, therefore, the more dear to the hearts of her parents.

Her father, who was a man of some wealth in one of our flourishing western cities, had, about the time I shall tell you of, decided to spend a short season at a nice country residence of which he had become possessed; and had moved into it for that purpose. It was beautifully situated, near a pleasant highway, and prettily surrounded with groves and orchards. Just back of the house was a long, pleasant garden, beyond and adjoining which there was a most delightful grove; and this garden and grove shall be the scene of that which follows:

It was on one of those bright summer days, such as little girls delight in, that Ella was permitted to go and amuse herself in the garden of which I told you; but with a strict injunction, from her mother, not to venture beyond; an in-

junction, too, which was not altogether needless, for if there was any one thing for which Ella longed more than for any other, it was to go beyond that very garden, pleasant as it was; for her fancy had conjured up all sorts of charming scenes and prospects in the cool recesses of the grove, which rustled so constantly, and so temptingly before her; and, of a truth, the grove was so very pretty to look on, that I am not sure but you would have been quite as anxious as Ella, for a stroll beneath its thick spreading branches.

Well, Ella promised her mother, that she certainly would keep within the bounds of the garden; and so truthful was she, that her mother had not the slightest doubt, that what she promised would be strictly performed; and so, putting on the new straw hat her father had purchased for her just before leaving the city, and selecting such of her playthings as she desired, beside leaving a parting kiss for her mother, Ella, with a light heart, bounded into the garden, and was soon lost amid its flowery walks, and as soon absorbed in the little world of amusement, which she had not the least difficulty in finding where there was so much to amuse. Roses, pinks, peonies, honeysuckles, jessamines, lilies, and scores beside, of bright-hued and sweet-scented flowers, were all around her, so that it was with difficulty one could have caught more than now and then a hasty glance of her rich golden ringlets, as she tossed them abroad, in the full-heartedness of her glee; and not a bird poured forth music lighter or sweeter than the clear ringing tones of her voice, as it broke

forth in alternate bursts of song or merriment. And many was the exciting chase she had after the gay-winged butterflies, as, ever and anon, she came across them, in her sportful rambles; and brisk work they had to do with their gaudy wings, too, for Ella was as spry as a happy little girl, full of life, and glowing with health, well could be. Not that Ella, good girl that she was, would on any account have harmed a single one of her dear little "fairies," as she called the butterflies; on the contrary, she had ever been taught kindness to even the least insect that lives, and she would have cried her eyes out, almost, at the bare thought of injuring one of them.

Ella's first glow of excitement, however, did not last very long; for it is not an easy matter for a girl of even her sprightliness to play at helter skelter alone, for a great length of time; and so she went away and seated herself in the pleasant shade of an oak, that stood not far from the lower bound of the garden, for the purpose of taking breath and planning for the remainder of her play spell; little thinking, however, of the danger she was subjecting herself to, and no slight danger either, for, directly in front of her, and only a short distance away, was waving the deep foliage of the grove, which, from the first, had so won upon her imagination and affection; and never had it im-

pressed her mind so enchantingly as now. Not a leaf-laden branch but seemed to beckon to her the most bewitching invitations, to go and be happy under their quiet protection; and O how Ella did long to accept an invitation, seemingly pressed with such gentle kindness, and all for her. And then, too, there was the little gate, opening wide next the grove, as much as to say "Come, Ella, here is the way." But Ella thought of her mother's injunction, and kept her seat. Yet would her eyes, almost unconsciously to herself, follow the longings of her heart into the very midst of the grove; so that she could scarcely avoid wishing to herself that it were not wrong to disobey.

Thus, with her bosom agitated with alternate longings and resolves, did Ella sit feasting her eyes on the forbidden fruit, as it were, until, gradually, her eyelids closed, and she sank into a gentle slumber.

Scarcely was she asleep, before she heard a voice near her, calling, "Ella!



ELLA SLEEPING.

Ella!" in a tone, which, though not exactly familiar, was yet, she thought, very sweet. She looked up, and saw, standing by her, a boy, seemingly not far from her own age. He was so fair, and his face so radiant with smiles, that, though a stranger, Ella could not conceal the pleasure she felt from his presence.

"Ella!" said her visitor, "dost thou not feel a little lonely, here?"

"Oh no! except that—" In truth, she felt that the being obliged to play entirely by herself, was somewhat lonely, after all; yet, so happy of disposition was she, that she had scarcely thought of it.

"I have come to keep you company," said he.

"I thank you, then," she answered, by no means displeased; for there was such an air of kindness in his look, that she could not but feel most truly thankful.

And so she showed him all her playthings, and guided him through the prettiest walks; and he, in turn, plucked for her the nicest flowers, and told her pretty tales. Thus, they became, ere long, as familiar as though they had ever dwelt and played together.

"Ella," said he, after they had played awhile, "Is this garden really pleasant to you?"

"Indeed it is," said she, "for with all these trees, and birds, and shaded walks, and flowers, how could it be otherwise?"

"Truly; but, after you have been over it once or twice, it is no longer new; and do you not, sometimes, get tired of seeing the same things over and over?"

"O I never stop to think of that, it is all so pretty."

"Poor girl! no doubt you think it so, but could you see the place I dwell in,

you would forget all this, I am sure." Nor was it very difficult for Ella to believe that what he said was true, so greatly had he won upon her confidence; and, beside, he was so beautiful, that she thought he must have come from some rare place.

"Where is thy home?" asked she.

"In yonder grove," he answered.

Had he said that he came from the clouds, or the stars, he would not have named a place more to her taste, or more proper, in her estimation, to be the dwelling-place of so gentle a being; nor could she repress an involuntary exclamation of "how beautiful!"

"Indeed it is," he resumed, gazing full into her eyes, "and many a charm it has, beyond the power of words to speak. Come, I will show it thee."

"Alas! I dare not go."

"Come, do, 't is beautiful!"

"I must not go."

"I will show thee flowers, transcending far all thought, in beauty."

"What flowers more beautiful than these?"

"Yes, and birds that sing so sweet, you would say the birds and flowers should ever go together."

"And prettier birds!"

"'T is true. And dells with pure, cool streams winding through them, all margined with flowers. Come!"

Most earnestly did Ella wish to go, with such a guide, but her mother's words were not forgotten; yet, under the prompt assurance of her fair visitor, her resolutions weakened, gradually, until his final declaration that her mother only meant that she should not go alone, lest she should lose her way, and that with him, who knew the way so well, she would be safe, Ella

though not without some slight misgivings, consented to go, and away they went together.

Through the gate they passed deep into the grove, turning hither and thither through swamps and marshes, until Ella was lost in the most complete bewilderment, their way, meanwhile, growing more gloomy and uncertain, very far, in all respects, from what Ella had anticipated.

And, which made matters still worse, she noticed that her guide became, somehow, constantly of a more forbidding and less amiable aspect, and his voice more unmusical and harsh than when first she saw him.

Poor girl, she was in a sad plight; yet, what to do she knew not. Return she could not; and the only encouragement she could get from her companion was, that soon she should behold his pleasant home. "Alas!" thought she, "what a home! to be approached by such a path. No birds, no flowers, no cheering sights; all, all gloom!"

At last they came to the brow of a black, unfathomable chasm, most frightful to behold, the sight of which caused Ella's brain to reel.

"There! there is my home! Isn't it beautiful, my little miss? Ha! ha!"

Ella looked up, and beheld her guide, in size almost a giant, grinning most hideously upon her, and just ready to seize and plunge her down the depths of that dark place.

She gave one shriek, and awoke, (for it was but a dream) almost bewildered with fear. And it was with difficulty she could convince herself that the flowers and pleasant walks of the garden surrounding her, were really the same she thought

she had left; but trembled, lest even now she was deceived.

The shriek her dream had occasioned, brought her mother quickly to her side, to whom she told all that had passed. Her mother said to her she was glad it was no worse; and that, though but a dream, a useful lesson might be learned from it.

The little child, so beautiful to look upon, she told her, represented whatever had any influence over the heart, to tempt it away from the path of strict obedience and duty; and which, however attractive at first, always becomes, in the end, deformed and unsightly, and invariably leads the way to darkness and sorrow; and that, although Ella had not really been guilty of actual disobedience, yet, as she might see, there was great occasion for watchfulness, lest, in the hour of real temptation, she should, of a truth, be led astray, and come at last to shame and confusion.

And, to the last day of her life, did Ella remember, with profit and thankfulness, her garden dream of "The Tempter."

Be Firm.

THE wind and the waves may beat against a rock standing in a troubled sea, but it remains unmoved. Be you like that rock, dear youth. Vice may entice, and the song and the cup may invite. Beware: stand firmly at your post. Let your principles shine forth unobscured. There is glory in the thought that you have resisted temptation, and conquered. Your bright example will be to the world what the light-house is to the mariner upon a sea-shore: it will guide others to the point of virtue and safety.— *Selected.*



The Cat Bird.

HERE, we have a picture of the Cat Bird, its nest, and eggs. It is a very common and very numerous species, in this part of the United States; and one as well known to all classes of people, as his favorite briers, or blackberry bushes. In spring or summer, on approaching thickets of brambles, the first salutation you receive is from the Cat Bird; and a stranger, unacquainted with its note, would instantly conclude that some vagrant, orphan kitten had got bewildered among the briers, and wanted assistance; so exactly does the call of the bird resemble the voice of that animal. Unsuspicious, and extremely familiar, he seems less apprehensive of man, than almost any other of our summer visitants; for whether in the woods, or in the garden, where he frequently builds his nest, he seldom allows you to pass without approaching to pay his respects, in his usual way.

About the middle of April, the Cat Bird first arrives, and by the beginning of May, has already succeeded in building his nest. The place chosen for this purpose is generally a thicket of briers or brambles, a thorn bush, thick vine, or the fork of a small sapling; no great solicitude is shown for concealment, though few birds appear more interested for the safety of their nest and young. In passing through the woods in summer, I have sometimes amused myself with imitating the violent chirping or squeaking of young birds, in order to observe what different species were around me; for such sounds, at such a season, in the woods, are no less alarming to the feathered tenants of the bushes, than the cry of fire or murder in the streets is to the inhabitants of a large and populous city. On such occasions of alarm and consternation, the Cat Bird is the first to make his appearance, not singly, but sometimes half a dozen at a

time, flying from different quarters to the spot. At this time, those who are disposed to play with his feelings may almost throw him into fits, his emotion and agitation are so great, at the distressful cries of what he supposes to be his suffering young. Other birds are variously affected; but none show symptoms of such extreme suffering. He hurries backward and forward, with hanging wings and open mouth, calling out louder and faster, and actually screaming with distress, till he appears hoarse with his exertions. He attempts no offensive means; but he bewails—he implores—in the most pathetic terms with which nature has supplied him, and with an agony of feeling which is truly affecting. Every feathered neighbor within hearing, hastens to the place, to learn the cause of the alarm, peeping about with looks of consternation and sympathy. At any other season, the most perfect imitations have no effect whatever on him.

“Mr. Bartram says, I observed a conflict, or contest, between a Cat Bird and a snake. It took place in a gravel walk in the garden, near a dry wall of stone. I was within a few yards of the combatants. The bird pounced or darted upon the snake, snapping his bill; the snake would then draw himself quickly into a coil, ready for a blow; but the bird would cautiously circumvent him at a little distance, now and then running up to, and snapping at him; but keeping at a sufficient distance to avoid a blow. After some minutes, it became a running fight, the snake retreating; and, at last, he took shelter in the wall. The Cat Bird had young ones in the bushes near the field of battle.”

The Cat Bird is one of our earliest morning songsters, beginning generally before break of day, and hovering from bush to bush, with great sprightliness, when there is scarce light sufficient to distinguish him. His notes are more remarkable for singularity than for melody.

[*Wilson's Ornithology.*

The Price.

Every thing has its price, and there is nothing good to be had in this world without paying for it. Many mistake, and think they can get good things without paying the price. You have heard of wise and learned men, but they all paid the price for their wisdom and learning. You know some boys who are wise, and have learned more than most other boys. The price they paid was time and labor: if they had spent all their time on marbles and tops they would not have learned what they have. With labor, and time, and pains, (which is the money God puts into all our hands,) we can buy almost any good thing in the world.

Many people buy with their labor and time and pains what is not worth buying. Few buy the best things. Too many buy office, or fame, or pleasure, and after paying dear they find it was not worth the price. We must first think, then, whether the thing we would buy is worth buying at all, and then, having made up our mind as to its value, let us buy it at what it is really worth. Office, fame, pleasure, are dear at the lowest price, but no price is too high if we can secure knowledge, wisdom, and piety.

Gymnastics.

UNDER the general name of Gymnastics, is included every vigorous exertion of the limbs, such as balancing, climbing, leaping, running, skating, swimming, vaulting, and walking. The use of gymnastic exercises is to unfold and strengthen the muscular system, by teaching the proper means of employing it to the utmost possible advantage; and the great utility of such recreations will be doubted only by those who are not aware that the health of the body depends on the full and just exercise of the different members of it. When practicing the exercises, it is extremely necessary to guard against performing any one of them in particular to the exclusion of others, as by so doing, the muscles most called into action will become very much developed, while those not exercised, will remain weak, and that symmetry and elegance of form which well-regulated, active exertion tends so much to improve, must consequently be destroyed; it is therefore proper to vary the movements as much as possible, and it will be found that a few hours practice every day, sometimes at one, sometimes at another kind of exercise, is sufficient, both for the health of the young gymnast, and the proper display of his muscular system.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

It is most advisable to practice the gymnastic exercises either early in the morning, or else in the cool of the evening, and never immediately after meals.

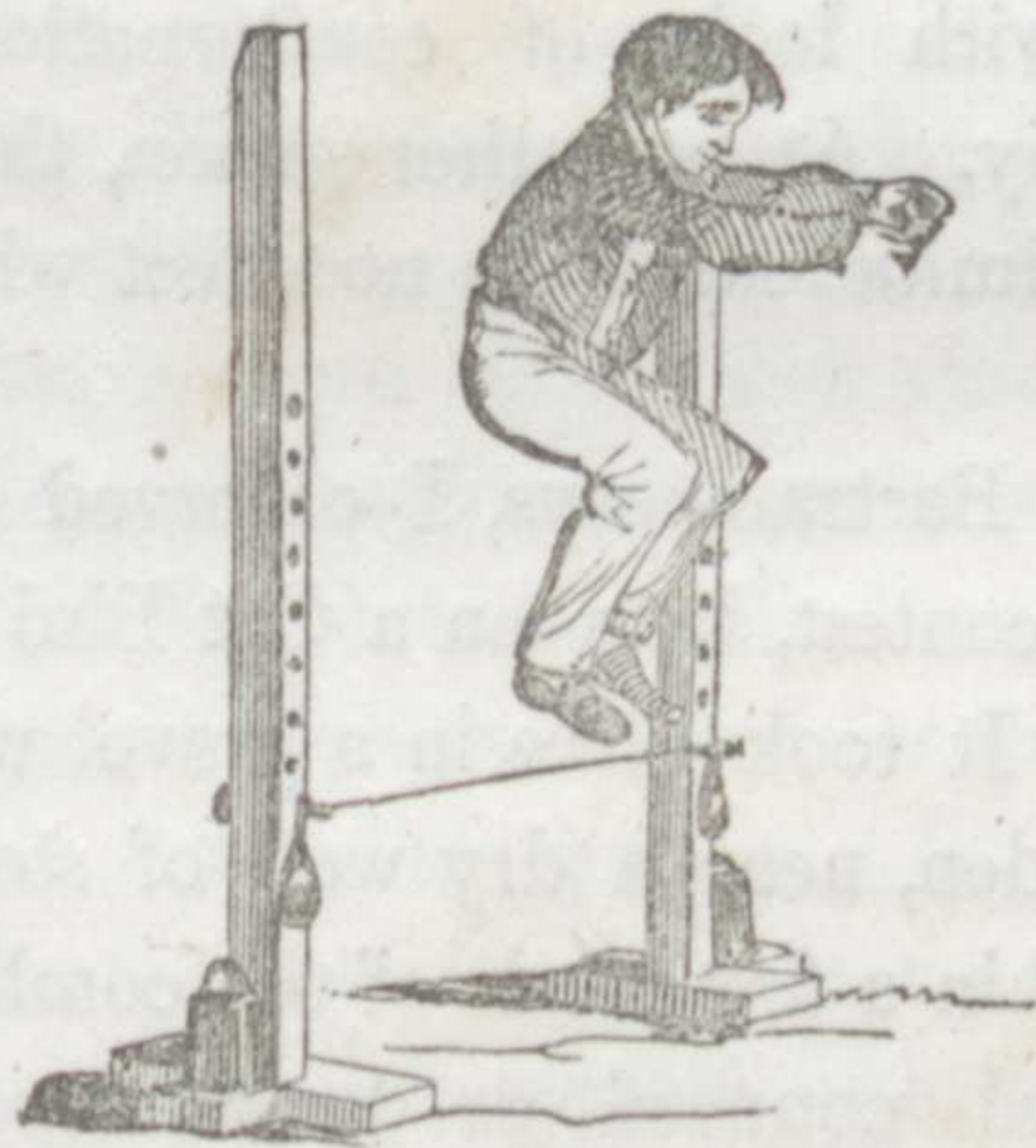
The pupils should not be permitted to carry knives, peg-tops, or any other toys in their pockets; neither ought they to be allowed, while warm after practicing,

to lie down on the ground, be without their jackets or coats, sit in a draught, drink cold water, or wash themselves with it: carelessness on these points frequently causing severe illness.

The left hand and arm being generally somewhat weaker than the right, they should be gradually exercised until they become equally as strong.

In all the gymnastic performances, the pupil should rather endeavor to strengthen the body, by exercises taken with moderation; than to exhaust and weaken it, by violent and unnecessary displays of force and agility.

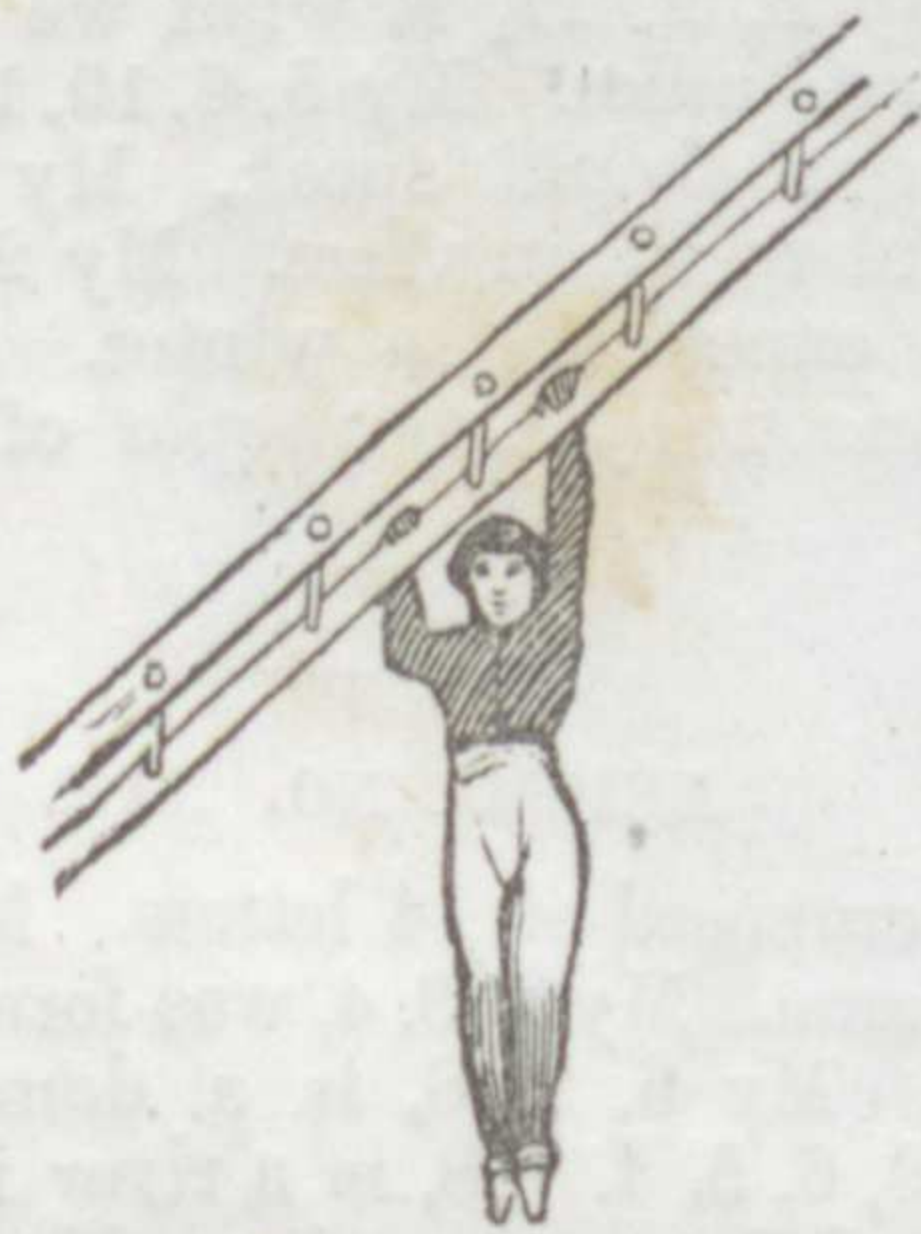
The exercises should always be begun and finished gently, abrupt transitions being very dangerous.



THE HIGH LEAP.

The leaping-stand is made of two upright posts, with holes bored through them, about one inch apart from each other, and in which two movable pegs — as shown in the annexed illustration — may be put at any height required; weights are placed on the feet of these posts, to keep them from falling, and over the projecting ends of the pegs, a line is laid, having a sand-bag attached to its ends. in

order to keep it straight; the leap being always taken from the side of the stand toward which the heads of the pegs are turned, if the gymnast's feet should happen to touch the cord, it is of course pushed off and drops immediately. The high leap should be practiced, first standing, and then with a short run; in the standing leap, the feet must be kept close together, and in the leap with a run,—which ought not to exceed ten paces,—as directed for the long leap. In all these leaps, the performer should alight on the balls of his feet, so as to deaden the shock and descent, which, if not thus broken, might occasion injury.



CLIMBING THE WOODEN LADDER.

The learner should take hold of each side of the ladder, and, by moving his hands alternately, ascend as far as his strength will permit. He should next try to climb the ladder by the rungs; and in performing this, he must bring the elbow of his lower arm firmly down to the ribs, before he pulls himself up by the other. He may, when perfect in this, try to ascend by holding on one side of the ladder; and in this movement, he must grasp the outer side of the ladder with both hands, and move them alternately upward. In these three exercises, the legs must be kept closed, as straight down, and as steady as possible.

Editor's Table.

"How do you do?"

YES, little readers, how do you do, after so warm a summer, and how have you been since we last held communication with each other? Glad enough, should we be to take you all by the hand, and shake you a hearty good morning, but there is little hope we ever shall, you are so scattered abroad; and to call each of you by name would be about as difficult, there are so many of you. Let's see: there is Julia, and Sarah, and Amanda, and Eliza, and Thomas, and William, and James, and—dear me! we should have to print an extra number of the Casket, if not more, before we should have room enough for all your names; and, before we could find you all, we should have to begin away down in New England, somewhere, and travel along through all the States, and the Canadas, until we had got to Iowa, and then go down almost to the Gulf of Mexico. Whew! what a jaunt.

Now we would like right well to see you all, but there is only one way we can think of, by which to bring it about, and that is, to appoint a great mass meeting to be held somewhere, (on some western prairie, for instance, for the sake of room,) and then what a time we should have. Cakes, peaches, and nuts, and speeches, songs, and toasts, and, better than all, such a multitude of bright, cheerful faces. But it is far too pleasant to think of, and so we shall have to content ourselves with sending your little messenger-bird, the "CASKET," a while longer first.

We have received quite a number of enigmas for this month; more, indeed than we have room to publish. We are much obliged to Lady Ann for the one she sends us, and hope she will send us more. Why doesn't "Jenny" send us one, now and then.

We omitted to notice, in the last number, a few stanzas entitled "To my Beloved Scholars," by a young lady to whom we are truly thankful, both for the verses and for the favor intended

on behalf of the "CASKET." The verses seem to have been well calculated to interest and please those for whose eyes, especially, they were intended, and we should have been happy to have given them a place in our pages, could we have convinced ourselves, that they would have been equally interesting to the most of our readers, and the more especially, as we intend the CASKET to become a permanent, bound volume, we wish to avoid matters, the principal interest of which, is too much confined to a particular locality.

We received, also, a very pretty story, entitled "Carrie's Visit to her Cousin," which we were strongly tempted to present to our readers: and should have done so, but for one reason, to wit:—That we have resolved to admit nothing into our pages which is not strictly true, *unless* it is designed to impress some positive principle in morals and well-doing. Carrie's visit, was really, a well-written little story nevertheless, and we are truly sorry that our rule forbids its admission into our pages. Many thanks to its young author.

ENIGMA NO. XXVI.

I am composed of 16 letters. My 11, 6, 3, is the most useful appendage to our world. My 15, 13, 2, is a plant brought from China. My 3, 11, 14, is a most troublesome animal. My 1, 2, 3, 12, was a Queen of England. My 10, 13, 11, 7, 15, is something we all should like. My 2, 12, 3, is a town in Scotland. My 8, 6, 10, 16, is something we wish to make pleasant. My 4, 5, 6, 13, 14, is what we should sometimes be. My whole was a nobleman who rendered great service to the United States. ADOLPHINE.

ENIGMA NO. XXVII.

I am composed of 24 letters. My 8, 7, 16, 21, 20, 10, 18, is a city in the United States. My 6, 20, 16, 18, 20, 16, is a city in England. My 12, 24, 16, 24, 21, 22, is a street in Buffalo. My 6, 11, 12, 1, 7, 16, is a city in Europe. My 8, 22, 13, is an animal. My 8, 9, 5, 10, 6, 24, 12, is a boy's name. My 3, 6, 20, 10, 11, 18, 22, is a state in the United States. My 6, 7, 2, 14, 12, 11, 15, 16, 22, is a state in the United States. My 9, 2, 10, 20, 16, is a lake in the

United States. My 8, 9, 14, 16, 22, is a sea in Asia. My 1, 6, 5, 16, 21, 7, is a bay in South America. My 22, 16, 23, 11, 21, 20, 12, 13, 14, is an Island east of North America. My whole is the name of a paper published in this city.

G. B. E.

ENIGMA NO. XXVIII.

I am composed of 13 letters. My 9, 5, 6, is an animal. My 8, 12, 6, is a despised man. My 3, 11, 4, is a boy's nickname. My 1, 5, 6, is a verb. My 3, 2, 1, 8, is a part of music. My 1, 5, 13, 6, is a very useful substance. My whole is something we all should love. EVELINA.

ENIGMA NO. XXIX.

I am composed of 23 letters. My 3, 8, 19, 15, is what we all enjoy. My 4, 9, 5, 14, is what the followers of Mammon worship. My 11, 12, 21, is too common. My 23, 4, 4, is an article of food. My 1, 18, 7, is a personal pronoun. My 3, 2, 17, is what we do when we neglect our studies. My 5, 6, 10, 19, is the way every orator should speak. My 16, 20, 4, is very useful to shoemakers. My 22, 6, 5, 14, is what we experience in winter. My whole is highly prized by the people of the United States. SARAH.

ENIGMA NO. XXX.

I am composed of 14 letters. My 1, 4, 14, is a girl's name. My 2, 3, 4, was formerly a Spanish title. My 6, 7, 8, is a domestic animal. My 12, 10, 6, 5, 4, 7, 8, is a river in the northern part of South America. My 5, 4, 14, is a house. My 13, 14, is a preposition. My 8, 7, 14, is one of the most wonderful of God's Works. My 6, 10, 4, is what boys like to do. My whole is the name of a very distinguished man. LUCY ANN.

A RIDDLE.

With my first the Savior was crowned.
With my second all orchards abound.
My whole in the forest is found.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c.

We have received answers to enigmas from Sarah and Lucy Ann. All right.

ENIGMA NO. XXI.—George Washington, first President of the U. S.

ENIGMA NO. XXII.—William Robertson.

ENIGMA NO. XXIII.—Cumberland.

ENIGMA NO. XXIV.—Constantinople.

ENIGMA NO. XXV. The Home of our Childhood.